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## At the Theatres.



Mr. Irving received a wonderful welcome at the Star Monday night. The house was crowded from top to bottom with a thoroughly representative New York audience, composed of many distinguished people and prominent first-nighters. Expectancy sat on every face. It was a foregone conclusion that the English actor would be kindly greeted. Probably no actor was ever so loudly heralded; certainly no actor was ever so persistently discussed in advance of his appearance. For several years the newspapers have teemed with articles anent him and his work as manager and leader of the London Lyceum. Whether his name here was most famous or most notorious, whether his performances were looked forward to with lively interest or intense curiosity, it would be difficult to say. At all events, the gathering that witnessed Mr. Irving's American debut as Mathias in *The Bells* was more cordial than the occasion seemed to warrant, inasmuch as its endorsement was tempered neither with discretion nor justice.

We may as well say at the outset that in dealing with Mr. Irving *The Mirror* does not intend to be governed by the exalted estimation in which he is held on the other side or by the apocryphic eulogies of the majority of the New York critics, who, having no opinions of their own to offer and no independent judgment whatsoever to utilize, have slavishly followed like a flock of sheep the tinkling flattery proceeding from the London bellwether. We mean to criticize Mr. Irving exactly as we find him; giving our approval and expressing our disapprobation as his work seems to demand. Nothing is more fatal to the interests of the stage than the unqualified laudation of its professors, and the prominence which the subject of this article enjoys should not prejudice us completely in his favor. The fact that he comes to our shores as the foremost English actor of the day entitles him to our respectful consideration—it does not entitle him to unthinking adulation. We propose (notwithstanding the example of our esteemed contemporaries) to view his efforts like those of any other professional—dispassionately. We do not mean to convert the Star Theatre into a joss-house, and on bended knees, with bowed heads, blindly worship a gilded wooden image.

When Irving first entered Monday night in the dress of the Burgomaster Mathias there was tremendous applause. Some of the *claque* distributed throughout the house shouted "speech!" After several minutes had been consumed by the clapping of hands and stamping of feet, the actor was allowed to proceed. His make-up, it was noted, was singularly effective; it artfully increased the air of mystery and portent with which Irving commands attention in the earlier scenes of the play. During the first act he displayed an amount of artifice and deliberation which was extremely wearisome. Every line was spoken with unnecessary emphasis, the words being clipped, chewed, distorted and mispronounced in a manner most original and extraordinary. Not only were the gaps between Mathias' speeches filled in by bits of business that were obtrusive, but the progress of the drama was frequently impeded to admit of by-play and action that was both whimsical and superfluous. These tendencies to over-elaborate everything thrust themselves into undue prominence and made mountains of dramatic mole-hills. Upon the spectator it had much the same effect that is produced by newspapers which publish head-lines covering a half-column space to introduce ten lines of very ordinary and uninteresting news. The star seemed always, by his weird, mysterious manner, to be aiming at some great effect; when the time for it arrived there was only a flash in the pan. At the close of the act, where Mathias in a vision sees the murder he has committed enacted again, Irving had an opportunity for one of those displays of genius with which he is said to enliven his impersonations. His cry of anguish, however, was merely an hysterical shriek, and the curtain descended upon a lost opportunity. The audience insisted on calling the actor before the curtain a number of times, although he had done nothing to merit such an honor. However, it has grown cheap of late, and is bestowed upon nearly all professionals, big and little alike.

In the second act Mr. Irving's singular personal defects stood out in such strong contrast as to almost efface his artistic devices. He was earnest and intense—that was all. The impatience of Mathias to hasten the wedding of his daughter would have been more successful in representation had Mr. Irving not tried to develop a palliating element in a character that has not, and cannot consistently pretend to have, a single redeem-

ing feature. The effort to make love for the child the motive of his awful crime is absurd. He does not hasten the marriage of Annette to secure her happiness but to suborn his influential son-in-law as surety against conviction in case his black sin is discovered. The crazy joy with which, when the marriage contract is signed and the neighbors join in a merry dance, Mathias plunges into the whirl, laughing boisterously, was another hysterical climax, that brought the curtain down on the second act.

In the third and last act, in the dream scene, Mr. Irving was quite effective. The agony and despair of the old used murderer were vividly portrayed, and the recital of the circumstances of his crime was given with graphic power. The death scene that followed was acted realistically. After the play, the star was called before the audience, when, in response to the clamor, he made a neat, characteristic and polite little speech.

Nothing that has been said about Mr. Irving's celebrated "mannerisms" has exaggerated them. They are almost past belief. Viewed either as tricks to compel attention or habits which cannot be broken, they destroy whatever beauty, finish or force the actor's characterization might otherwise possess. They are always present, obtruding themselves in such grotesque, incongruous forms, that the observer is puzzled whether to laugh or feel pity. If any other man in God's creation went on the stage before an audience of intelligent people and walked and talked as Irving does, he would be set down at once as a harmless crank of the Count Joannes stamp or a presumptuous fellow whose audacity was an insult to the sense and understanding of his listeners. Indeed, without straining truth, we may say that there are a dozen American actors of fair capability we might mention, who could not play the part of Mathias so unpleasantly as Irving did if they tried. There are a hundred who, given Irving's foreign fame, could tour this country with greater honor to themselves and greater pleasure to their audiences. There is no good in minding matters. Try as they may to spy out with critical telescopes beauties in Irving's acting of which the actor himself is unconscious, and which, in fact, do not exist at all, our dramatic reviewers cannot establish him on a high pedestal. He is a bad actor from beginning to end, and that is an opinion that must be endorsed by everybody who knows what bad acting is.

His "mannerisms," as we have said, have not been magnified by report. They consist of a remarkable style of walking and gesticulating, a hitherto unknown perversion of the English tongue, and a delivery which is like no other in the whole world. These "mannerisms" (the word has been used so much in connection with this actor that we don't like it, but it is, unfortunately, the only one that covers the ground) are the only marks by which we are able to distinguish him from any other bad actor. They cannot be easily described, although, as an English writer has said, "they are easily imitated." His walk is as ungainly as if he were stumbling over a swamp. His legs describe eccentric circles; they seem to be independent of each other and entirely at variance with the rest of his body. When he crosses the stage those legs halt, shamble and waver horribly. He stands still they execute awkward *pivottets* and strange, meaningless movements. When he makes a "point," one foot stamps the indolent boards. Irving's arms and head seem to be in sympathy with his lower extremities. His elbows jut out at various angles, and his hands toy with the air. Except when he remains in one position, his head sinks between his shoulders and wags in all directions. At rare intervals he seems to forget these imbecile eccentricities and assumes attitudes of grace and ease. If it be difficult to describe his bearing, how much less easy is it to describe his speech? Even in moments when passion or emotion should quicken the flow of words, his utterance is slow and fitful, sentences being pumped out, with evidences of awful effort, in short sections. The voice in one word at times quaveringly runs the entire gamut from the highest to the lowest note, or *vice versa*. Stress is laid upon wrong syllables, emphasis is given to wrong words, and the meaning of the lines is frequently perverted. But were this all we might not have reason to complain so bitterly. Not only is the significance of certain passages completely lost by false elocution, but the words themselves are often rendered unintelligible by inexplicable mispronunciations. The vocal sounds, particularly the vowels, are twisted into unrecognizable shapes.

Thus does Irving prove himself to be deficient in the simplest, yet most essential, rudiments of the actor's art. A man who has not learned to carry himself with ordinary grace, to read intelligently and to speak so that he can be understood by civilized people, has failed to qualify himself even for the minor requirements of the stage. If he has raised himself to extraordinary prominence in the face of these unpardonable defects it is due to the amazing ignorance of his public or to an astonishing and wholly indefensible trick of fashion.

Mr. Irving has remarkable gift as a stage-director. In this capacity he commands our heartiest admiration. *The Bells* gives him little chance to display them, but he makes the most use of every opportunity. The grouping of the characters on the stage, the ar-

rangement of the scenes and furniture, the lights, the music, every accessory, in fact is looked after, nothing is forgotten. It is this completeness that is the charm of the performances at the London Lyceum—it was the real charm at the Star Monday night. The hand and eye of an artist and a master of the art of securing every possible effect was present throughout. To a great extent these artifices contributed to making the part of Mathias dramatic and prominent. Frequently the audience mistook the effective surroundings for effective acting. A well-directed calcium, for example, followed the figure of the Burgomaster about the courtroom in the vision scene, throwing it into strong relief against a dark background and causing a gruesome glitter in his eye. Mr. Irving's eye did not glitter—the effect was produced by art purely. Calcium, face-paint, wigs and picturesque dresses form a poor foundation on which to rest one's fame. Stripped of such adventitious aids and robbed of his mannerisms, Mr. Irving would not be tolerated as an actor for a moment even by the treacle-manufacturing "critics" of the daily press.

The company had little to do in *The Bells*, for the best of the play falls to the impersonation of Mathias. Mr. Terriss, leading man of the party, appeared to be a manly, capable actor. He had little to do as Christian, but did it acceptably. Miss A. Coleridge made a graceful and pretty Annette. She, unlike most of her comrades, has not descended to weakly imitating the walk and talk of the star. Mr. Tyars, as the President of the Court, although in the darkness he could not be seen, read the lines impressively. Mrs. Paunceforth's Catherine was satisfactory. The minor parts were carefully acted, but everybody affected a labored, ultra-elaborate style that was tedious.

The scenery, although imported, was very much on a par with that we are in the habit of seeing in any well-conducted theatre here. It was not overdone, and therefore did not detract from the actors—an essential often forgotten.

Tuesday evening another fine audience filled the Star comfortably. The house was not crowded, there being some seats in the orchestra and balcony and many in the gallery that were not occupied. They were in the hands of speculators, who had been unable to dispose of them. All had been paid for at the box-office, so only the curbstone gentry were put to any loss. Many well-known New Yorkers were in front, and a few prominent actors. Edwin Booth was in a box.

Mr. Willis is not unknown to us as a dramatist. His plays, *Olivia* and *Jane Shore*, were acted in this city by Fanny Davenport and Genevieve Ward, respectively. His *Charles I.* was acted for the first time in this country Tuesday. It is a charming work, cleverly constructed, poetically treated. History has been violated in drawing the character of King Charles and his opponent Cromwell to suit the purposes of the playwright. No changes are made, however, which do not fall within the limits of dramatic license. The story is simple, depending solely upon its quiet dialogue and picturesque features for success.

As the gentle, winsome, yet kingly sovereign Mr. Irving was not especially pleasing. In make-up he resembled very nearly the Vandike portraits of the unfortunate ruler. If he could have concealed his awkward, obtrusive habits as cleverly as he hid his own countenance beneath paints, powders and mustache and chin-beard, we should perhaps have been able to pronounce the performance a success. In the first act Mr. Irving did very little well and very much ill; particularly showing in the drowning of "King Lear's Daughters" to the Royal children that he cannot intelligently or intelligibly read the simplest verse. He struck some pretty attitudes, though, and secured a call before the curtain on account of the effective tableau showing the departure of the barge on the Thames, that brought the act to an end. Later in the scene, with Cromwell, he made a favorable impression by his dignified bearing in the presence of the swashbuckling Commonwealth. The quiet rebuke implied by his voice when he spoke the line, "Who is this rude gentleman?" awakened and deserved loud applause. The speech to Lord Moray at the close of the third act, full of delicate feeling and noble sentiment, which, properly delivered, should have brought tears to every eye, went for naught. Irving has not the power of expressing pathos or touching the chord of sympathy in the listener's heart. In the last act, where a touching farewell is spoken by the King, Mr. Irving was as acceptable as his ever-present mannerisms would allow.

The people in front, though literal of applause, were disappointed and dissatisfied with the characterization.

The chief interest of the evening centred on the appearance of Ellen Terry, who appeared as the young Queen Henrietta. When she stepped on the stage there was great applause, some moments elapsing before she was allowed to proceed. The character calls for nothing more than the representation of sweet youthfulness, constancy and courage. Her opportunities are limited, but Miss Terry took full advantage of them. She is a striking woman, not beautiful, but possessed of a fascinating manner. Her face is capable of expressing rapidly the various emotions, and is a constant expression of rare intelligence. She is calm and graceful in her attitudes. There is nothing in her composition that is heroic, but

she is exceptionally qualified, we should imagine, to illustrate the womanly heroines of the legitimate drama. Her taste in dress is decidedly aesthetic, but that failing we can the more readily forgive because scant drapery, short waists and pulled sleeves are becoming to her. She established herself at once a favorite with the audience. She is really the redeeming feature of the company, star not excepted. The latter is a clever stage-manager merely—Miss Terry is an accomplished actor. When she has been seen in better parts than Queen Henrietta we doubt not her pre-eminence will be generally recognized and proclaimed on all sides. She was called before the curtain several times during the evening.

Mr. Terriss was acceptable as Moray—nothing more. Mr. Tyars was good as Cromwell, and Mr. Howe as the Marquis of Huntley capable. Mrs. Paunceforth deserves a word of commendation for her Lady Eleanor.

The scenery was excellent and the stage management superb. Indeed, it could not well be otherwise with Irving in command of that department. The tableaux at the close of each act were picturesque and artistic.

Charles I. will be continued until Saturday night, when *The Bells* will be acted again, Louis XI. and Shylock will be acted next week.

We must enter an humble protest against the orchestra leader Mr. Irving has fetched over. J. Meredith Hall is his name, and under his unskillful baton the musicians rendered stupid selections and wretched incidental music (of the minstrel melody order) in awful fashion. We had rather have no *cut* act and dramatic music at all unless it be well played.

Annie Pixley, vivacious and captivating as usual, gave her charming personation of M'liss at the Grand Opera House Monday. There was a good attendance, and the vagaries of the romping Child of the Sierras were enjoyed to the uttermost. Miss Pixley's singing is as delightful as ever, and her acting—notwithstanding frequent repetition of the part—has lost nothing in *verve* or naturalness. The company gave capital support, and in one or two instances distinguished themselves by unusually effective work. Next Monday *The Silver King* will return for a week.

At the Third Avenue Theatre, on Monday night, Roland Reed made his *re-entree* as Dick Smythe, the nervy hero of Marsden's *Cheek*, to a full house. The comedy is very laughable, and its humorous element is relieved by the introduction of certain dramatic episodes. The character of Smythe is as original to the stage as Hardwell Slope or Sam'l of Posen, and Mr. Reed plays it with a rare sense of what constitutes genuine fun. Throughout the evening, while he was on the stage, the audience laughed continuously. Reed's songs, particularly "I'm a Perfect New York Dude," made hits, and were loudly redemanded. The star has elaborated his performance greatly since we saw him last at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and it is even more exhilarating and enjoyable than it then was.

The company gave admirable assistance to the star. Blanche Vaughn, a clever imitator of Lotta, did the soubrette part charmingly, and Annie Mortimer was satisfactory as Jane Atwell. Messrs. Bloch, Jack and Jenkins rendered good service. Alice Hastings, as Mrs. Abel Racket, though not quite recovered from her recent illness, gave a fair portrayal of the adventuress.

Reed's engagement will prove lucrative, and we are glad of it, for Manager Mortimer has shown pluck, sense, nerve and energy in establishing his star.

Next week Effie Ellsler will appear in Gunter's melodrama, *Courage*. This piece the author believes to be his best.

The *Silver King* was given at the People's on Monday evening with the same splendor and careful acting that were noticeable at the Grand Opera House when the same company presented it there a short time ago. The principal characters received excellent treatment at the hands of competent people, and the performance passed off smoothly and satisfactorily. The thrilling scenes of the play were watched by a large audience with breathless attention, and the efforts of the actors met with hearty recognition. The *Silver King* is a strong card, and will play, in all likelihood, to overflowing houses during the rest of the week.

If Hartley Campbell, who is reported to be striving to obtain a suitable opening for his plays in London, could have witnessed the enthusiasm which *Siberia* aroused at the Windsor Monday evening, he would cease from sighing for more public to conquer. The drama, with its background of nihilism, its foreground of passion, and its pageantry delighted the mixed gathering of East-side first-nighters, and whirled them through the long evening with unrelenting force. *Black Vice* successful for a few early acts, was, of course, daily abhorred, while *Fair Virtue*, finally triumphant, had the fullest sympathy of parquet, boxes and gallery. The representation was highly acceptable to those that saw it, and satisfactory enough for all ordinary purposes to the more critically disposed. A fine balance to the good should ensue at the close of the *Siberia* engagement on Saturday evening.

The *Rajah* has turned its 150th performance

at the Madison Square. The merry comedy shows no sign of weakening the firm hold it has obtained on the public. It is charmingly acted and is as pure and enjoyable a performance as the most refined taste could wish. The success of the Madison Square has been made by providing healthy, clean amusement, and on this ground alone it deserves to prosper. But there are many other reasons for its prosperity. The plays acted are American, they are rendered by admirable artists, and the staging they receive is perfect.

The Cricket on the Hearth and *Lord of the Five Shillings* are drawing crowds still to the Union Square. Mr. Jefferson will play no parts except *Caleb Plumber* and *Gilgally* during the remaining three weeks of his engagement, so well does the eagerness of the public last to see him in those characters.

The Duke's Motto is doing well at the Fifth Avenue, for it is by far the best production thus far of Mr. Stetson's stock season. Charles Coghlan as Lagardere is forcible and picturesque, and the rest of the cast is quite efficient. The scenic adjuncts are on a plane of grand excellence and the other accessories are adequate. Nevertheless we do not believe the revival will long continue to occupy public notice, for its success is not sufficiently pronounced. Mr. Stetson has some novelties in reserve.

This is the last week of T. P. and W.'s Minstrels at the New Park. Their engagement has been successful from a financial point of view, and the troupe have made a pleasant impression. Next week the real dedication of the Park as a dramatic house will take place, when Belasco's dramatization of *The Strangers of Paris* will be presented. The play is sensational and essentially melodramatic. Colonel Morris has engaged a strong company, and he promises great things in the way of effective scenery and ingenious mechanical effects. With Mrs. Booth and Harry Lee in the chief characters the piece has fine advantages.

In a short time Excelsior will have reached its 100th representation at Niblo's. And still, despite rival theatrical and operatic Jumbos, the receipts continue to maintain an unvarying average. The Kiralfys and the managers of Niblo's are in a fair way to clear a snug fortune from the marvellous spectacle. The scenery, by the way, still is the subject of adverse criticism by the spectators, but the ballet is so much better than any other we have had that the scenic shortcomings are readily excused.

The production of *In the Ranks* at the Standard was postponed from Tuesday until to-night (Thursday) on account of more time being required for preparation.

The very successful engagement of Fanny Davenport in Sardou's great play, *Fedora*, at the Fourteenth Street, lasts three weeks longer than originally intended, the management having secured a release from certain out-of-town contracts in order to secure the extension. Miss Davenport's magnificent impersonation of the fiery heroine of the drama every night adds new converts to the noble army of her admirers, and the acting of Mr. Mantell and the rest of the cast is proportionately commendable.

The adventures of Daniel Mulligan and Mrs. Allup, as illustrated by Harrigan and Hart and their fellow-participants in the *Plenic*, give intense delight to audiences that are bidding farewell to the favorite comedy. Next Monday a new piece, called *Cordelia's Aspirations*, will be presented for the first time. It is in the same vein as its popular predecessors.

The great success of *Moths* at Wallack's is attended by large audiences. The piece will enjoy a run, without doubt. We have already expressed our opinions of its defects and points of merit; probably the best feature of the production is the opportunity it gives Caroline Hill to popularize herself in New York. This lady had been available for a year or so, but she was allowed to be idle for the reason that no one cared to experiment with an actress untried in the city. Messrs. Shook and Collier are without a leading lady; if Mr. Wallack has not engaged Miss Hill beyond the run of *Moths*, the managers of the Union Square could not do better than engage her for the position.

At the San Francisco Opera House the minstrels of W. Birch, Esq., are crowding the auditorium every evening just to show opposing factions that New York has a permanent troupe whose steady popularity no invasion can impair. There is a change of bill this week. The first part and olio present novel features, and the burlesque *X-Sentier* keeps people in genuine roars of laughter. Any time that dull care oppresses you, and you want to drive it away, visit the *Triscos*. It's a remedy that never fails.

The great Pastor gives a great show this week at his comfortable and always well patronized theatre. Kruger gives a funny travesty on Irving, and the specialty features of the bill are remarkable for variety, freshness and originality. The Dramatic College farce must be seen to be appreciated.



## The Musical Mirror.



The production of *The Beggar Student* at the Casino Monday night was attended by a packed house. Millock's opera is tuneful and light. Some of the numbers are catchy. The music is the work of a musical writer, thoroughly capable from an artistic standpoint. The book has been translated by Sydney Ross, while the lyrics are from the pen of John Wells. The dialogue is funny, if not witty, and affords opportunity for some clever acting by several members of the company. Mr. Leslie made a hit as General Ollendorf, and his song, "Sponge It," caught on. William Carleton sang the part of the Beggar Student in admirable style. Mrs. Cotterly, Mrs. Ricci and Mr. Rising acquitted themselves handsomely. The chorus was pretty and well-dressed; the scenery excellent, and the opera received the heartiest sort of endorsement from the house.

On Wednesday night of last week Mrs. Sembrich appeared for the first time in this country. The rôle chosen for her debut—Lucia—is the one in which her celebrity abroad has been obtained. The house was by no means crowded, but there were enough present to give voice to a good deal of enthusiasm over the new prima donna's achievements. Nilsson graced, and Booth and Irving and Miss Terry sat in others.

In appearance, Madame Sembrich, except when seen through a glass, is quite handsome. Her figure is inclined to rotundity; but not sufficiently so to render her movements ungainly. Her complexion is dark, and the features of her face are regular. She is vivacious in manner, and acts with even intelligence.

Her voice is pure and fresh; it is capable of delicate shades of expression, and is true as a die. Her training has been excellent, for she has become mistress of the art of rendering the most difficult runs and trills with bird-like ease. In the first and second acts of the opera Sembrich made an agreeable impression; in the mad scene she created a positive furore. The delicious passages were given with marvellous effect, and the audience obliged her to repeat them. Then they called her before the curtain again. The enthusiasm did not die out for some time. It was at once subdued by those present that if Sembrich displayed equal greatness in the other rôles due to interpret, her reputation would become second only to Patti's.

Campanini, although in better voice than on the opening night, failed to distinguish himself. The spectators were kindly disposed to him, and lavished much applause upon his efforts; but the fact cannot be concealed that Campanini's voice is by no means what it was a few years ago. Not only has it lost in strength, but also in sweetness. The upper notes are husky and far less clear than they ought to be. Probably the singer's obesity, as well as long usage, have conspired to impair a once-grand organ. He acted Egard with his accustomed vigor. As an actor Campanini ranks above any operatic tenor before the public. The histrionic gift does much to cover up the ravages of time.

Signor Kaschmann, who made his American debut as Ashton, made a pleasant impression. He has a robust voice; but his singing is too tedious to quite suit our taste. He will, doubtless, however, become a valuable acquisition in time. Signor Fornaris and Mlle. Forti, in the small rôles of Arturo and Alina, were acceptable. The scenery and dresses were superb. It must be said for Mr. Abbey that he is a grand opera a completeness in these respects never before known in this country. The large chorus performed their duties finely, and the precision of the orchestra, under Signor Fornari's direction, was noticeable. The second night of the season was in nearly every particular a vast improvement over the first.

The performance of *Il Trovatore* on Friday night was instrumental in bringing forward a new tenor who is likely to become a prime favorite with the habitués of the Metropolitan. Signor Stagno is a small man, with very capacious lungs and an exceedingly faulty method. He sang the music of Marico inartistically; but by the discreet use of a shrill and prolonged high C at the end of the third act, he made a decided sensation. It is a singular (and deplorable) characteristic of our music-supporting people that they prefer vocal pyrotechnics to any other performance. A quiet, evenly executed performance does not gratify them; they must have as many tricks and gymnastics in their operas as they usually find at the circus. From the popular point of view, therefore, Stagno scored a great success, for he was honored with much applause, and was obliged to sing his high C exhibition two or three times over. He is a good-looking man, quietly earnest, whose acting is more painstaking than effective. Valleria sang Leonora nicely, but her vocalization is uneven, and in many respects deficient. Stagno made the hit of the evening. Valleria's achievements were merely secondary. Mrs. Tribelli, who made her first appearance in America, was the Aurora. Her voice is a trifle worn, but her acting was superb. A more dramatic representation of the rôle we have never seen. The Conte di Luna of Kaschmann was a thoroughly prize-worthy effort. During the performance he received an enthusiastic encore. The remaining characters were satisfactorily sung. The chorus was capital. The scenery and dresses were up to the standard to which Mr. Abbey is educating opera-goers. The audience, although not large, filled the immense auditorium comfortably.

I Puritani, Monday night at the Metropolitan, attracted a good house. The bones were filled, and the seats of the parquet nearly all taken. We believe a mistake has been made in building such a vast auditorium. An assemblage that would jam the Academy, in this house would leave many empty places. As we suspected, Sembrich is a one-part singer. Lucia has evidently engaged most of her attention, and in it she appears at her best. As Elvira, although she sang the numbers allotted her acceptably, Sembrich failed to do more. It was a respectable performance, gratifying but not satisfactory. The audience rewarded her labors with approbation, tempered with mildness. Stagno, as Arturo, duplicated his success of the preceding Wednesday night, and in precisely the same manner. Much of his work was ordinary to a degree, but (to the spectators at least) he made amends by utilizing his convenient and palliating high C. The rest of the cast was efficient, and the accessories of chorus, scenery and orchestra were all that could be desired.

Last night Mignon was sung, with Nilsson in the rôle of the title and Capoul as Guglielmo. Scialchi appeared as Frederico. The performance occurred too late to receive attention in this week's MIRROR. On Friday Lucia will be repeated. Mr. Abbey's season, after all, is likely to prove prosperous, for he is undoubtedly doing his best to give New York worthy opera. The only question is, will New York appreciate the endeavor as it should?

The concert at the Casino Sunday night was largely attended. These Sabbath entertainments have become a feature of the house, and are a welcome relief to those that wish to vary the monotony of a long and colorless day. Nigri, Angèle and Fouquet, of the Grau company, sang pleasingly, and Mr. Aronson's orchestra discoursed excellent instrumental music.

Mr. Abbey, it is said, is shortly to inaugurate a series of Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan. His principal artists will appear at them. Mr. Aronson will probably enter into an arrangement with Colonel Mapleson to engage the latter's forces for the same purpose at the Casino. He believes that popular prices will induce people to give the preference to his course of entertainments. Surely there's room for all.

Gerster sang Lucia at the Academy Monday night. She gave an acceptable illustration of the rôle, but she failed to equal the impression created by Sembrich. Vicini was a better Egard than Stagno. The house was not large, due, no doubt, to strong counter-attractions in the theatrical field.

## Miss Anderson's London Success.

A letter received by THE MIRROR from Dr. Hamilton Griffin speaks as follows of Miss Anderson in London: "The triumph has not been exaggerated. The engagement is a genuine artistic and financial success. The first week's business was large—much larger than I had expected, and it has since then been increasing to the amount of £100, per week. If it keeps on at this rate, in another week or two we will be able to cut off the free list entirely and play to the full capacity of the Lyceum, viz. £350 a night."

A peculiar feature here is that the theatrical week begins on Saturday, and no matter how large the receipts on other nights, that one is always the biggest. Monday is the lightest night—very much the same, you see, as in New York. We play no matinees. Miss Anderson says she will not."

Dr. Griffin says the mail that brings his MIRROR each week marks the day with a white stone. "In the language of Parthenia," he adds, "the paper is a grain of gold in the dull sand of life."

## Minnie Conway's Retirement.

James W. Collier was interviewed by a MIRROR man regarding Miss Conway's retirement from the U. S. company. "All that we know about the matter," said Mr. Collier, "is very little. While the company were in Chicago, Miss Conway sent in her resignation, and made a request that we would release her from her contract with us. We considered the matter carefully, and decided that as she desired to be released, the wisest course to pursue would be to acquiesce. Her reason for withdrawing we do not know. It was an amicable arrangement."

## The Giddy Gusher.



The sincerest flattery is imitation. One always recalls that saying in the presence of Larry Barrett, backed up by Louis James and Marie Walworth; and it came up in my mind with renewed force when the story of Charles I., of unhappy memory, was unfolded by Irving Terry and Tyars, on the Star boards, Tuesday night.

The elocution of the trio was built up on the same lines. Terry's scant, clinging shirt prevented one's detecting any Irving effects done by the legs; but the manner of delivery was the same, and once, when Cromwell was alone on the stage, he tipped us an Irving act—voice, legs and all.

It is very laughable to take a census of the opinions in an Irving audience. They are about half of them uncertain whether he is a great actor or not. One quarter of 'em have acquired a taste for him as folks do for cod-liver oil, and the balance are dead sure they don't like him. Tuesday night was interesting.

William Winter sat well up, with his bang in its most critical condition. He was conscious that the greatest actor on earth, Edwin Booth, was in a private box, and his loyal soul couldn't get past that box to the stage with a single admiration point.

Montgomery tugged at the fur on his upper lip, and struggled with big words like charlatan and trickster, and wondered if the *Times* thought Schuyler could out-write him when he got his No. 6 four-button Foster hook-claws to work on scathing articles.

There was Harrington, with store clothes on, wishing Jack Studley would tackle Charles I. and just floor the eminent in that character, as he can in *Matthias*.

There was Morris on the fence, not quite sure which side he would eventually land on—especially since he looked at Wallis Mackay's pictures in the *Telegram*.

I honestly believe that Irving's camp-followers do him more injury than a near-sighted friend could with a shot-gun.

Here's the *Times*—the one paper Hatton belongs on—the one journal that you would suppose would be chirping merrily in the Irving boom—going for his theatrical scalp, and Joseph the Impressionist, unable to impress them.

Here's Wallis Mackay, the pictorial ton-ton beater, goes to work and injures the cause by a row of the blindest cuts—cuts direct—that were ever run into a paper. Why, it's painful!

Here's a member of his company when asked in which part he considered Irving best, says: "Oh, they are all awful, you know, but I dislike him least in *Louis XI*. You get less Irving in that than in any of the rest."

Oh when I run over to London in a professional capacity I shan't lug my private critics, nor biographers, nor illustrators. I will keep as many friends out of my retinue as possible, and depend on the honest enemies I can make for myself in a week.

The New Yorkers are not a bit certain as to their opinion of Irving (returning to the subject that was broken up by the mention of Mackay's pictures). I had an old aunt who engineered the construction of a rising sun bed-quilt. She made the sun in the middle of pea-green flannel, and a hundred times I heard her say, "I don't know if I like that concerned thing or not." But one day, when I gobbled it, hung it in the barn as a landscape border for some amateur theatricals, and, with historical accuracy, painted the pea-green flannel sun a royal purple, that outraged relative came out and for the rest of her life spoke of the ruined quilt as the most magnificent work of art woman ever produced. From this anecdote I do not desire to deduce that Mr. Irving must be hung in a barn, or have his son painted royal purple, but I think when something happens to him, when he goes away like Aunt Hannah's green flannel sun, then we shall decide he was a magnificent work of art.

Mr. Irving has so studied the authorities on every character he impersonates, that I believe if any one went to ask him suddenly the names of the bootmakers patronized by Charles I. he would be able to tell them without thinking. The great pictures that have told with vivid power the tale of Charles' happiness and misery, have been studied so faithfully, and

thing to be persistently by this actor, that when he recovers these away he kind leg, propped his knee at an angle of forty-five degrees, and stood out after me like a fence, representing the cat-headed picture. I could have gone for *Vandyke* with an orchestra chair, seated his pretensions to high art, and set him to drawing pictures for the *Telegram*.

I like Terry. He is *Acquer*, and no mouth off as Morris and the rest of us. All great geniuses have a touch of madness (I'm all my own champion occasionally). But Terry is earnest, fervent, reads his lines with intense intelligence, and is as honest an actress as I ever knew.

She has not the voice for so powerful a scene as that with Cromwell, but in the scene of the battlefield, her was fast, present against the cool-scute on Charles' shoulder, or clinging to the chest-iron fastened on his noble bosom, or clenching at the stove-pipe on his remarkable leg, told a world of actual sorrow and brought out a flying word of pocket-handkerchief.

I'm expecting much fun when the initiative women of this land get to work wearing Terry frocks. Terry is put up by nature for all sorts of odd costumes. About five women in five hundred have necks long enough to wear lace collarettes six inches high. About one woman in a thousand is fitted up with a body like a pair of tongs—and when the clanks of women—the women who have works in them, not skeleton springs—go in for short waists, puffed sleeves, scant skirts, no petticoats and solid and untanned neck-gear, why stand back and give me room. I shall need a lot for the exhibition of the delights of

THE GIDDY GUSHER.

## Professional Delays.

—Amy Lee plays at Newark on Friday in *The Hidden Hand*.

—Will a big brass band save a play from being—?

—To serve injunctions is no new way to pay old debts.

—The Elks of Indianapolis give bi-weekly dancing societies.

—The Florences and Joseph Murphy are in Boston this week.

—T. M. Hengler has joined Haverly's Minstrels at Rochester.

—Fitzpatrick's *Shan-na-Gow* company is a recent disbandment.

—Georgia Tyler has signed with John Stetson's *Pique* company.

—J. H. Renne will shortly take an opera troupe on the road again.

—Edward Mortimer joined Dan Magnusson's company last week.

—Lottie Wade joined Frank Mayo's company at Halifax last Monday.

—Rock and Barchet will build a new theatre at Lynn, Mass., next season.

—What has become of *Tough and True*? The opening is certainly overdue.

—Ida Lewis and W. H. Cooper go with the Banker's Daughter company next week.

—The name of Fletcher's leading lady in *The Flying Dutchman* is May Brooklyn.

—"Dr." Henry Slade, the notorious "madman," has broken loose in *Islander* New York.

—Both Mapleson's and Abbey's Italian Opera companies appear in Boston during January.

—The Dudley Street Opera House, Boston, is to be opened as a variety theatre next month.

—Excellior will probably be produced by the Krallys at the Boston Music Hall in the Spring.

—The first scenes of the Broadway elevation of the New Bijou Opera House were laid last week.

—Fred Condit has abandoned the profession and returned to his former occupation of medicine.

—Charles Frew scores a hit in every town, and is the most popular among the *Summer Boarders*.

—Haverly receives \$200 a week from the manager of Haverly's Minstrels No. 3 for the use of his name.

—On Saturday, Nov. 17, Frank Lincoln will give his monologue entertainment at the Madison Club Theatre.

—Jumbo and the rest of the Barrow and London Shows have gone into their winter quarters at Bridgeport, Ct.

—Moll Pitcher, the Legit of Union Square, is the title of an stereotype to be brought out at the Providence Company.

—The Heywood Comedy company has just come in. The genial rays of a Southern sun failed to keep up its vitality.

—Rosa Wilson and James Peters left town on Sunday to rejoin Krallys' Black Crook. They were with this company last season.

—The Twenty-third Street Theatre is at present closed for repairs. Albert Evans, the lessee, intends making extensive alterations.

—The Silver King plays a return engagement at the Grand Opera House next week. It is expected that the former business will be repeated.

—Haverly is after Duncan, the ventriloquist, now with Krallys' Black Crook. Eighty dollars a week and travelling expenses is the bait held out.

—John Stetson has billed every town in New England, announcing the engagement of his Fifth Avenue company at the Boston Globe.

—Herr Keltner, for some time musical director at Theis' Music Hall, is now a member of the orchestra at McKee Rankin's Theatre.

—Helene Jennings will commence a starring tour in Celia Logan's play, *An American Marriage*, on Nov. 3. G. L. Doane will manage the company.

—Two changes have been made in the cast of *Fedora* at the Fourteenth Street. Frank Willard has taken the place of Mr. Herndon as Tchelleff, and A. Del Campo is playing Raul in place of Spencer Harrison.

—Homer of Cuba is presented at the Grand Opera House, apparently without any special significance attaching to it.

—C. Thompson has been engaged temporarily by John P. Smith for the support of *Shan-na-Gow* in Baltimore's State.

—Charles H. Bay has left the *Shan-na-Gow* company, and is attending to business at Thompson's headquarters in Philadelphia.

—The Boston Star Theatre company have just with great success in Philadelphia and New England, and are the managers of *Shan-na-Gow* and *Shan-na-Gow*.

—John T. Miller and Anna Bay, of the *Shan-na-Gow* company, are preparing to visit the West. Mr. Miller's trip is especially commended.

—John E. With, Leslie Lane, with *Shan-na-Gow* and every all the *Shan-na-Gow* company are the next with the *Shan-na-Gow* company, under C. D. Shaw's management.

—George W. Leland, who has been the associate manager of the *Shan-na-Gow* company in Baltimore, Pa., is now the business representative of *Shan-na-Gow* in New York.

—Barnard's agent in *Shan-na-Gow*, on Monday night, to a large house. *Shan-na-Gow* was very popular during the last week of his engagement in *Shan-na-Gow*.

—Madame Cady and Florence Smith will play in the *Shan-na-Gow* company in January. The company is doing very well with the new play, *A Friend*.

—Fred W. Hart assumed the management of the *Shan-na-Gow* company, on Monday night, and on Monday night, *Shan-na-Gow* was very popular during the last week of his engagement in *Shan-na-Gow*.

—The New York Opera company, now touring the Middle States with *Shan-na-Gow*, are expected to visit the *Shan-na-Gow* company in *Shan-na-Gow*.

—"Dr." Marshall, charged with the obscene pictures of *Shan-na-Gow* in *Shan-na-Gow*, and trying to buy *Shan-na-Gow* in *Shan-na-Gow*, is expected to visit the *Shan-na-Gow* company in *Shan-na-Gow*.

—The very latest *Shan-na-Gow* company, now touring the Middle States with *Shan-na-Gow*, are expected to visit the *Shan-na-Gow* company in *Shan-na-Gow*.

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—The very latest











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NEW YORK, - - NOVEMBER 3, 1917.

## MIRROR LETTER-BOX.

Editor, The New York Mirror:

Will you please send me a copy of the issue of the 10th of October, 1917, which contained the article on the "New Comic Paper" by Henry Irving? I have been very much interested in the article and would like to see the original copy of the paper.

Very truly yours,  
John W. H. (a)

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The New York Mirror has the Largest  
Dramatic Circulation in America.

## Irving.

People are rushing to see Irving just as they rushed to see Langtry when she was a novelty. The papers are belarding him with praise precisely as they lavished it upon the now faded Lily.

We are a strange people. Any person who has achieved notoriety can come among us, receive our favor and our cash, and then depart. In our amusements we are not governed by sober sense or sound judgment. If any new arrival blares the trumpet and beats the tom-tom, reason demands us; we are impelled to investigate the claims of the noise-maker by an irresistible curiosity, and when this is satiated and we retire full of disappointment, there are none to take our place. When time enough has elapsed, and the wily visitor has departed bearing a heavy burden of slightheaded dollars, we suddenly discover that we have been fooled—but we rush after the next new-comer all the same.

Just now the Irving boom is in strong blast. As weeks roll by a change will probably come o'er the spirit of our drama, and the English actor will be placed at his real valuation. Meantime look in your MIRROR and see him as he is, not as he seems to be.

## The Operatic Conflict.

Strange to say, the operatic season at the Metropolitan and Academy is nearly two weeks old, and we have yet no broken promise of the rival directors to record. This is something phenomenal, and goes to prove that the fight is indeed a bitter one, when the cherished prerogative of each manager is so readily resigned.

Up to the present writing Abbey is ahead. Although he was a little in the rear at the start, he has come valiantly to the front, and is now giving force to his opponent. He has brought with him a great Louis in Sembrich and a wonderful high C in Signo. He has also been doing very well with Garter, but she will

not hold out unless Patti is brought to the rescue, and quickly, too.

The public thus far has not shown much preference, having about equally divided its patronage between the two houses. This, however, cannot last long. It will give its support sooner or later to the most deserving contestant.

## A New Comic Paper.

The *Tilgram* is reaching out into the realm of humor. No one who had not seen Tuesday's issue of the little pink sheet, which contained a number of caricatures of Henry Irving as Mathias in *The Bella*, would suspect it of the design to supersede *Puck* as the leading comic journal. The richness of its humor could not, however, be fully grasped or properly appreciated without carefully perusing the criticism accompanying them and the editorial of which they were the subject. The latter stated, with whimsical seriousness, that the pictures in question were made "by the celebrated English artist, Wallis Mackay, who is known on the other side of the Atlantic as the 'Captious Critic.'" And it added that "they speak for themselves."

Of course this was simply mad quizzing, for on referring to the sketches, the reader found them to be drawn in rough, grotesque fashion, the work of a caricaturing botch and not of an artist. Here was where the laugh came in.

One of the pictures represented Mr. Irving as Daniel Boone, with a pair of Mr. Slogger Sullivan's hard gloves slung over the shoulders; the face was round and—such aid does the *Telegram*'s pink paper afford the draughtsman—as rosy as wine; he stood with his feet buried in straw, mud or water, as nearly as we could make out, but possibly the delineator meant to convey the idea that Irving had no feet at all. In another cut, which presents an entirely different cast of features, the English star is introduced with long claws to his fingers and a chignon on his head—a cross between Meg Merriles and Camille. In still another he appears as an Irish *bouché* in short breeches and wearing a broad smile on a Land League mouth. Here, then, the *Telegram* presented its readers and admirers with three screamingly funny Irvings, each entirely different from the others, from which he could make a selection and enjoy a hearty laugh over it. It was certainly the next best thing to seeing Irving himself.

The *Telegram*'s first effort to be pictorially comic was a brilliant and gratifying success. It surpassed the most desperate attempts of the dramatic critic, the amiable Mr. Bob Morris, to make his department a subject for innocent mirth. If the *Telegram* wishes to caricature Irving some more, THE MIRROR will be happy to render assistance by loaning it a number of pictures of actors who have been dead several years. They will answer the purpose as well as the drawings alleged to have been made by Mr. Mackay—they resemble the foreign actor quite as much.

## What Does This Mean?

The engagement of Lawrence Barrett at the Star Theatre reached, last Saturday evening, what may be pot improperly styled something very much resembling an anti-climax. Being called out at the end of the third act, he came forward in the costume of Lanciotto and delivered an elaborate speech.

Mr. Barrett has labored in vain for a long time to secure a popular verdict; in no play which he has presented up to this has he succeeded decisively. He has tried his hand in various directions, with the same result—acceptance but not hearty acknowledgment. At last he appears in *Francesca da Rimini*, by George H. Boker, an American author. He makes a hit—a decided hit. The play runs nine weeks, securing large audiences and favorable notices from the press.

On the last night of its prosperous performance, Mr. Barrett appears before the audience and delivers an elaborate speech, evidently carefully prepared. He thanks the audience for their support, and "the press—the respectable press"—that it "has come forward in the true spirit." Lester Wallack also comes in for a share of Mr. Barrett's free dolo, as having, "like a true artist, done even more than he promised." The play has, therefore, he says, been a success—an unqualified success.

Now, with all these thanks, and the hearty acknowledgment of the aid of all the parties named, is it not a little abnormal, to say the least, that the name of the author of *Francesca da Rimini* is not distinctively made? Nor is his authorship in any manner recognized. And yet the tragedian goes out of his way to introduce and to lead the name of an English actor who has happened to have just arrived in

this country. Despite these concessions of commendation and omission in his speech, Mr. Barrett avers that he "has labored to make himself prominent in assisting and bringing forward the literature of his country, and is proud of being an American in every sense of the word."

If such is to be the treatment bestowed upon and such the recognition—rather the suppression—accorded to the rightly won honor due and the well done work, securing a success (as Mr. Barrett makes known in his elaborate speech to the audience at the close of a nine weeks' run) "unexampled in the history of the Drama in this country, for no new tragedy has ever had such a run." With such contingencies to be encountered, who is encouraged to be an American dramatist? Hail, Lawrence Barrett; *plaudite* Lester Wallack, also Henry Irving, also the laudatory press and "the rest of mankind;" hurrah for da Rimini. As to Boker, its author—"mum's the word!"

## All the Same.

Napoleon Bonaparte never uttered a wiser saying than, "There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," which finds an apt illustration in the latest melodramatic outbreak.

The realistic craze may be said to have reached its *reductio ad absurdum* in its last exhibit, which is thus cabled by a London correspondent: "In Robert Buchanan's new play of *A Sailor and His Lass*, the one dramatic novelty of the week, there is a farm-yard with a live cow, which is milked in view of the audience; an invincible conspiracy, a dynamite explosion, a shipwreck with many episodes, and finally, the black flag, the tolling bell and all the other preliminaries of a hanging."

This plot and treatment, which are put forth as the basis of a genuine serious modern melodrama of the highest type, evidently has its model in the burlesque to be found in Poole's (the author of *Paul Pry*) burlesque, published in "Little Pedlington," nearly fifty years ago. We there have announced by Mr. Strutt, manager of the Theatre Royal, Little Pedlington, that

The programme will commence with an entirely new, original domestic melodrama, called THE HATCHET OF HORROR; OR, THE MASSACRED MILKMAID. In the course of the piece will be introduced a new and splendid representation of THE FATAL COW-HOUSE. In which the Murder was Committed! Together with the identical BLOOD-STAINED HATCHET WITH A LOCK OF THE VICTIM'S HAIR STICKING TO IT!! With which the Murder was Committed!!! And the identical FAVORITE COW OF THE MASSACRED MILKMAID!!!!

There is a lesson here if we will but accept it: When the scorpion, the most vicious of reptiles, feels its end approaching, it whirls itself around, until, having coiled itself into a complete circle, it takes its tail into its mouth, and, with one ugly dart of its fang, expires, the victim of its own venom. The career of the serpentine suicide, seems to us, it has an exact similitude to the course taken by the theatrical tarantulas of our day.

## Personal.



PATTI.—Mrs. Patti, who sailed for New York last Saturday, will probably arrive on Sunday. She is to sing at the Academy next week. Her picture is printed above.

HOWSON.—John Howson has been elected Boy of the Lamb.

MARSHEN.—Fred Marsden has returned to town for the winter.

BOOTH.—Edwin Booth is rehearsing his company every day.

GOODWIN.—Cheever Goodwin has severed his connection with the Boston Bijou.

BOUCAULT.—Dion is afflicted with "neuritis of the heel" as opposed to gout.

TIFFANY.—Annie Ward Tiffany has quite recovered from her late severe illness.

RHEA.—Arthur R. Chase states in a letter that Rheas is in a fair way to double last season's profits.

VANONI.—Marie Vanoni will play Eurydice in *Orpheus aux Enfers* at the Bijou Opera House.

BELL.—Digby Bell will play Jupiter in *Orpheus aux Enfers*, and sing Rosefield's topical song.

LEVY.—The cornetist has joined Mettayer's Tourist in Pittsburgh.

JARRETT.—E. E. Rice has appointed Berrie Jarrett to look after his interest in the front of the new Bijou.

ELLISER.—Ellis Eliser closes her season in Courage at the Third Avenue Theatre on Saturday, Nov. 3.

PALMER.—Charles B. Palmer, manager of Carrie Servin, contemplates erecting a new theatre at Hartford, Conn.

ROCHE.—Augusta Roche has regained possession of her child, and everywhere she goes it is to be seen by her side.

BEGGAR STUDENT.—The Boston Bijou company are rehearsing Blanche Corelli's translation of *The Beggar Student*.

POWER.—William Power, manager of William J. Scanlan, paid a flying visit to the city yesterday from Philadelphia.

WARD.—J. M. Ward, an excellent all-round comedian, was substitute for Boucault during the latter's illness in 'Frisco.

JUNE.—George W. June, Gus Williams' agent, reports his star's business as being one-third ahead of last season at this time.

MORRIS.—Colonel Morris, of the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, has removed his headquarters to the New Park Theatre.

BENSON.—Wood Benson has received a telegram from Katherine Rogers, requesting him to join her company next Monday.

GOODWIN.—Nat. Goodwin has purchased from the Boston Museum the right to play *Warranted outside of the New England circuit*.

GAYLER.—Charles Gayler is writing a play for Augustin Daly, while another, *The Bohemian*, is under consideration by Lester Wallack.

HANLEY.—Emma Hanley leaves Rice's Surprise Party on Saturday, at Harrisburg, Pa., to join Rice's Opera company at the New Bijou.

KIDDER.—E. E. Kidder will assist Manager Watkins in the final count at the People's Theatre next week, replacing Frank Murtha.

LOSEE.—Frank Losee is now quite at home in the part of Yuba Bill, in *M'iss*, so long identified with the late J. E. McDonough.

GOTTHOLD.—Mrs. E. Milton Gotthold has presented her husband with a ten-pound girl baby. The event occurred at Jacksonville, Florida.

ADAMS.—George H. Adams, the best trick clown in this country, is this week playing a very profitable engagement at the Buffalo Adelphi.

FRENCH.—Samuel French and Son have purchased F. C. Burnand's burlesque on *The Tempest*, called *Arriel*, recently produced at the London Gaiety.

ROSENFELD.—Sydney Rosenfeld is daily in consultation with Rice, and devotes considerable time to the adaptations he is engaged upon for the latter.

BLOOM.—Edward L. Bloom is in town heralding *Ada Gray's* Fifth Avenue company. Isabel Vane will beam upon the Bowery at the People's next week.

WARDE.—Fred Warde is looming up as a tragedian. He has dropped the Damon and Pythias racket and got down to legitimate work. This is wise.

LINGARD.—Alice Dunning Lingard was to have appeared at the London Gaiety, yesterday, at a matinee performance, in a new play entitled *Agnes of Batavia*.

HOWARD.—The Shakespearean Joseph has become an inveterate opera-goer. He wears a solemn aspect, and probably knows more about music than he wishes to tell.

PAUL.—Howard Paul had taken passage for England on the *Britannic*, but has delayed his departure in order to look more thoroughly after Charles Wyndham's interests in Philadelphia.

CRAIG.—C. G. Craig, at present with Haverly's Silver King, now playing at the People's Theatre, goes on the road with *The Pavements of Paris* after it has been produced in New York.

NILSSON.—Madame Nilsson occupies a box at the Metropolitan on important nights when she is not singing, and wears the gold wreath presented her a short time ago as a dress ornament.

SOTHERN.—In Toledo, last week, young Sothern essayed to read Brother Sam's letter. The audience did not go into convulsions at the first line, and Sothern dropped the letter in disgust.

SYLVESTER.—A Texas manager has made Louise Sylvester an offer to star in a new play called *Truth*, opening in New Orleans next Fall. Miss Sylvester has the offer under consideration.

DONSON.—Frank B. Dobson, husband of one of the Wallace Sisters, is about to undertake the herculean task of managing Alice Oates. James A. Oates was the only man to do it successfully.

SHELLEY.—Manager Dan'l Shelby is running a race for popularity with a Chicago alderman at a church fair in that city. The prize is a silver water-pitcher, with temperance adjuncts, and Dan'l is ahead.

DUKINSON.—Anna Dickinson, through her press representative, Percy Hunting, announces her intention of deeping to the road. She proposes to take up the thread of her cancelled dates and begin anew.

HARTY.—At the opening of Gus Hart's new theatre in Cleveland a novel and tasteful souvenir was distributed to the audience in commemoration of the event. It was an autograph album containing the lithographed signatures of Rheas, her company and the manager and attaches of the house.

CATERHUR.—New Caterhurs is about to open the success of his opera, *Uranus* Helms.

WARREN.—Edward Warren, since he has acted *Desert* in Padua, has received two desirable offers for next season.

INCE.—John E. Ince has been employed by John Stetson to play *Pavannes* in *The Duke's Motto* in place of Harry Woods.

CANNON.—John E. Cannon, Harrison and Hart's business manager, although in delicate health, takes a great deal of the management upon his shoulders.

KELLY.—W. W. Kelly has been doing some very queer business in dating the Duke. Pittsburgh and Milwaukee were lately "left." Manager Parker, of the former city, says, "I'll never more trouble you, W. W."

MORTIMER.—G. A. Mortimer, the energetic manager of Roland Reed, has been adding to his real estate, having purchased last week more land. He is trying to induce Reed to invest, with some hopes of success.

AUCTION.—The Devil's Auction opened in Detroit on Monday night. White's immense house was crowded to the doors. Frank Gardner helped to hoist the standing room sign before the curtain went up.

MOTTO.—New Haven was treated to a rehearsal of *The Duke's Motto* last week. It was a regularly billed performance, however, and those who paid their money would be pleased to have Mr. Stetson rise and explain.

BRISAC.—N. F. Brisac has an engagement with Clara Morris. He thinks of leaving the profession to take the agency of a New York insurance company in Peru. Arrangements, however, have not yet been consummated.

GLOVER.—Russell Glover, the tenor, is on tour with Emma Thursby. He says that business has been excellent, that the press has treated him kindly, and that he may remain with Miss Thursby for the rest of the season.

WENTWORTH.—Jason Wentworth has reached his Boston home. He stoutly denies that he left Miss Dickinson in the lurch, and says he is out over \$3,500 on the tour. He has the receipts for the fares of the company to New York.

WHITE.—Leland White came to town early in the week, looking for a leading man for *Minnie Maddern*. He wanted C. B. Welles, but the Madison Square wouldn't part with him. Not being successful in other quarters, the errand was fruitless.

HARRISON.—Sam Harrison, manager of the Harrison-Gourlay company, writes to say that *Skipped by the Light of the Moon* is playing to large business in Philadelphia. Easter Monday the company will open a two months' engagement in the Metropolis.

NILSSON.—Newspaper dudes have been slow in getting to work, but a paragraph is now going the rounds that Nilsson is to doff the widow's weeds and wed the wealthy So-and-so. Next will come a contradiction and something about being "wedded to Art."

BALFE.—Louise Balfé is in the city, and is open for jobbing engagements. Domestic cares make it inconvenient for her to travel. Miss Balfé's last engagement was in the stock of the Bijou Theatre, Philadelphia, and the press of that city praised her work very highly.

EXCELSIOR.—The Kiralfys have taken the hint given in THE MIRROR a short time ago, and are again increasing their corps of dancers, instead of decreasing them. They have also provided an entire new set of scenery for the Mont Cenis Tunnel, which is a great improvement.

BRADFORD.—Joseph Bradford has undertaken the task of re-writing Willie Reilly for Dan Maguinness. There are many ways of writing Reilly as well as Maguinness. Mr. Bradford, judging from the criticisms of our out-of-town staff, has a big job before him. But he has gone manfully to work.

PITT.—When H. M. Pitt announced his intention to settle the debts of a disastrous season, THE MIRROR gave him a kindly nod. The incident had been almost forgotten; but this week one of Mr. Pitt's creditors writes THE MIRROR a chiding letter, almost reproachful, reminding it that he has not kept his word, at least in his individual case.

PAULLIN.—Louise Paullin is doing special correspondence from New York for several large out-of-town papers. Her style is vivacious and her letters are widely quoted. Miss Paullin does not expect to fulfil any engagements in the near future, her desire being to husband her strength with a view to going on next season in a new and clever comedy. As a bright particular star she should succeed.

ULMER.—Lizzie May Ulmer has been three seasons on the road as a star in *The Duke* and other plays, and she has yet to receive an adverse criticism from THE MIRROR's out-of-town staff. And some of these gentlemen are severe critics. Miss Ulmer, after playing in the North and East with success, is now paying her visit to the South and Southwest, and the reception she is having on tour must be very gratifying.

BLASCO.—The importance which David Blasco is rapidly assuming in metropolitan amusement circles must be gratifying to the gentleman. He has been in New York little more than one year, yet the papers are talking of a halt down of his plays soon to be seen here. The most important of these are *May Blasco*, *Under the Polar Star*, and *The Strangers of Paris*, the latter to be produced shortly, under his own supervision, at the New Park Theatre. Mr. Blasco's picture will be found on the first page of this week.



## The Usur.



In Usurary  
 "Should like who can! The ladies call him, sweet,  
 —Love's Lament's Lover."

Our papers have been making pretty fools of us in connection with Irving's performances. The *Herald* and *Telegram* of course led the way. No doubt Bennett sent a cable telling his friends to gush. They did gush, and the gush was not unnauseated a reader was the result. The *Herald* started off with a long article Tuesday morning. One column was devoted to a description of the audience and the names of the people who composed it; one column was given over to a chat with Irving in his dressing-room after the performance, and the rest was some taffy that was intended to pass as a criticism of Irving's acting. What we not appear ridiculous in the eyes of our English cousins when copies of the *Herald* reach London? That paper is looked on there as the leading journal of this country. What will they say of its "review," which is merely a high prepared by a society reporter and an interviewer? Why, Irving himself is doubtless laughing in his sleeve.

But what words can describe the action of the *Telegram*? Tuesday afternoon its half page of ecstatic flattery in bad English and its extraordinary illustrations of characters in *The Bells* set the whole town in a roar. Two or three years ago *THE MIRROR* began a department called "Pen and Pencil," devoted to sketches in character and light criticisms of the actors in current plays. It met with success for a couple of seasons, and when the novelty had worn off it was dropped. This idea the *Telegram* sought to appropriate, but it signally failed. The pictures were atrocious, and the article accompanying them beneath contempt. Let us hope no more such abortive attempts will be made, and that our press will never be made the laughing-stock of the civilized world.

It was denied by Mr. Shook that there was discussion in the ranks of the Union Square company. The resignation of Miss Conway, however, seems to show that he was mistaken. Reports from the seat of war point to the cause of the leading lady's defection—that she and Maude Harrison could not agree. Miss Conway did not like her part in *Storm Beaten* either; and thought the one given to Miss Harrison should have been hers. Her friends also accuse the latter lady of all sorts of mean things, but I will not dwell upon them, as they are matters that concern only the ladies themselves.

In this matter I would say to the anonymous letter-writer in Chicago (from the penmanship evidently one of the fair sex), who has taken up arms in favor of the Conway as against the Harrison, and sent me a spiteful little missive setting forth her views in the journals, that it is cowardly to lampoon a person in such a manner, and that no journal can expose the cause or print the statements of a combatant who is ashamed or afraid to give her name. I dare do all that does become a man, but it is not manly, and therefore not becoming, to give publicity to vindictive anonymous communications.

Harry Lee has brought me an interesting playbill. It was printed for a performance of *Sophy*, as *Dandrea*, in Paris, at the Theatre Imperial-Italiens, and bears the date of July 8, 1867. In the cast, against the subordinate character of Abel Murcott, the drunkard, I find the name of Mr. H. Irving. What a change from then to now! John T. Raymond is set down for Asa Trenchard, and William Mahoney (he of the Wyndham troupe) appears as Coyle. Edward Lake is in the assignment of parts; and so, also, are Marie Gordon (by the way, can anyone tell me what has become of her?) and poor Rose Massey.

The cleverest, in fact the only clever, criticism on Irving, in the dailies, appeared in *Tuesday's World*. All the other notices were taffy and rubbish.

For this week has a sprightly cartoon in *Knicker's* best style, illustrating the operative now waxing warm in this city. The cohorts of Abbey and Mapleson all appear firing volleys of notes at each other.

The Langtry opened her season in Burlington, Vt., on Saturday night, and was well received. A local critic, who appears to have been much impressed, boldly states that "she

is not a bad actress, but a good one." That settles it. Endorsed by Burlington, the whole world now lies at the beauty's feet.

## A Lawsuit Settled.

Judge Dittenhofer sends *THE MIRROR* the following account of the Belasco-Herne lawsuit and its ending:

An action was commenced by David Belasco, of the Madison Square Theatre, against James A. Herne to obtain an injunction restraining the latter from claiming to be the owner of more than one-half interest in the plays *Hearts of Oak* and *Moonlight Marriage*. It appears from the affidavits submitted on the motion for a preliminary injunction, that about three years ago the parties took a joint benefit in San Francisco and started East, producing *Hearts of Oak*. Belasco claimed that he had been treated unfairly by Herne, who, assuming entire control of the play, allowed only a salary and a small share of the profits, and that when they reached Philadelphia he had been forced to dispose of his interest in both plays for \$1,000, for which a note was given, upon the understanding, however, that the sale was not to become effectual if the note was not paid at maturity.

The note became due in May, 1880, and was not paid.

When Herne played his last engagement during this month at the Windsor Theatre, Belasco, through his counsel, ex-Judge Dittenhofer, applied for a preliminary injunction, but at the hearing before Judge Barrett, Mr. Herne expressing a willingness to pay the amount of the note, with about three years' interest and the costs of Belasco's attorney, the offer was accepted and an injunction not insisted upon.

In connection with the play, *Moonlight Marriage*, we have received the following letter from William Redmund:

OCTOBER 27, 1881.  
 DEAR NEW YORK MIRROR:  
 DEAR SIR:—Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper in which to say that my romantic drama, entitled *A Midnight Marriage*, by Charles Osborne, of London, is in no way similar to *Moonlight Marriage*, which together with *Hearts of Oak* occupied the attention of the Supreme Court Chambers in New York City on Monday, the 26th.

Yours truly,  
 WILLIAM REDMUND,  
 Commonwealth Hotel, Boston.

## Check.

A MIRROR man met Roland Reed and his manager, Gus Mortimer, yesterday, and immediately interviewed the stage reporter: "I will submit at once to be interviewed," said Mr. Reed, "even if it is a punishment for my illustration of the modern pressman. We had a fairly prosperous season during the past theatrical year, and the present season has already given great proof that Cheek is an acknowledged attraction throughout the East, as well as the West. At first I had considerable diffidence in appearing in such cities as Boston and New York; but I now regard them as my strongholds. I have been playing during the past five weeks in the neighborhood of New York, and no less than nine weeks of the season are booked in and around the city. My time is all filled to the middle of May, 1884. Last season I played forty-four weeks to first-class business; and I now get better dates and terms. I do not contemplate any new play at present, because I consider that Cheek gives me very good opportunities for displaying my peculiar business and style of acting. Besides, it is scarcely a one-part play, as I am frequently off the stage for some time, and the thread of the story is sufficiently dramatic to provide good, strong situations. We pay particular attention to the mounting and company, and it would be difficult to find such earnest workers for the success of any play as those we have engaged. Misses Alice Hastings and Vaughn have made big hits in their parts.

"I strive to be original, and believe in the idea of impulse. I am quick to tell whether an audience is with me; and if anything should strike me in the course of the play, I immediately seize on it. You know I began at the very first step of the ladder, and have been in some good schools for training actors. While Wallack's in New York, Selwyn's at Boston, Mrs. Drew's in Philadelphia, and McVicker's in Chicago, were regarded as pillars of the drama in this country, I was a member of the Arch Street Theatre stock company in Philadelphia; I began first as usher and advanced to call-boy, gradually feeling my way into the profession. I may say I have spent all my life in and around theatres. I soon became second low comedian, then becoming first low comedian, and finally leaving to join McVicker's stock company in Chicago. A variety of plays and characters fell to my lot, and from all I gained some little knowledge. I still study and read, and being a young man, can travel slowly for the present."

Mr. Reed, off the stage, bears but a slight resemblance to the Mr. Dick Smythe on the stage. The essence of unadulterated cheek which the latter displays on the boards is entirely absent in the genuine Roland.

## "Fifth Avenue."

Edward L. Bloom comes to the defense of "Miss Ada Gray, supported by Charles A. Watkins' Fifth Avenue Company."

"In the summer of 1882," says Mr. Bloom, "Manager Watkins bought Haverly's lease of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and Miss Gray played a four weeks' engagement there. We made a clean sweep of the employees, excepting the janitor. We had our own company, and I had charge of the box-office. We were under an expense of \$4,500 a week, and yet cleared

money on the engagement. It was the hottest month of a hot summer, and those employed about the house will not soon forget it.

"We think we have an established right to the title 'Fifth Avenue Company.' We drop 'Theatre' simply to give more room for a display line in advertisements. Mr. Stetson has advertised a company from Booth's Theatre supporting James O'Neill in *Monte Cristo*. Manager Watkins has not yet complained about it. We shall stick to the title 'Fifth Avenue Company.'"

## At the Casino.

Edward Aronson said yesterday to a MIRROR man:

"The packed house on the opening night of *The Beggar Student* and its repetition last night, is a guarantee that it will be a big success. The bookings have increased since we opened. Our Sunday concert will, I think, eclipse all that have preceded it, as we have arranged with Colonel Mapleson for several of his best artists to appear. They include Madames Pappenheim, Pattini, Vianelli, and Signori Falletti, Galassi, Lombardelli, and others. Prince Methusalem opened to good business in Philadelphia last night. Perhaps it is not generally known that *The Beggar Student* ran for three hundred nights in Berlin, and nearly the same length of time in Vienna."

## An Item of News.

Charles Haslam, manager of the M. S. Hazel Kirke company, says he was standing at the door of a theatre near Troy, the other night, when a dude in all the agony of snakeskin trousers, guillotine collar and toothpick shoes, stepped up to him, presented a card and asked: "Do you admit the representative of *Music and Drama*?"

"Why, certainly," replied Haslam. "Come in and use a box. By the way, don't you want some items for your paper?"

"Thanks," acquiesced the dude, taking out a Russia leather shopping tablet and wetting the lead of a gold pencil with his ruby lips. "I'd be awfully obliged, old fellow."

"Well," continued Haslam, "just jot down the fact that the sheet you imagine you represent stopped publication several weeks ago."

The dude collapsed.

## The Ventures of B. and D.

"All our enterprises," said Joseph Brooks yesterday, "are prospering. John T. Raymond, Her Atoneement and Ropany Rye are playing to big business. We open with Edwin Booth in Boston Nov. 5. The Merry Duchess goes on the road under C. D. Hess, and opens in Washington shortly with most of the original cast."

## More Piracy.

Mr. Thomas A. Boyd, manager of the Opera House in Omaha, Neb., has sent a communication to Messrs. Shook and Collier, which he recently received from a person named Craddock.

This was in the shape of a request for a date for the Union Square company in December, and represented that the writer was business manager of the concern. Mr. Boyd also enclosed a hanger used by the party, which on its face convicts them of pirating the Union Square trade-mark. It sets forth the names of the "stars"—Cora Neilson and Jay W. Garner—and announces that twenty-two high-salaried people and a French military band in "elegant scarlet and gold uniforms" accompany the party. "Walke's Union Square Company" is the full title of the marauding band.

Craddock and his associates are frauds, and managers and theatre-goers in the West should look out for them.

## Lieutenant Helene.

E. E. Rice informed a MIRROR man yesterday that he considered Lieutenant Helene, Catenhousen's new opera, which the Rice company are singing at the Arch Street Opera House, Philadelphia, to be the best thing he has seen for years. He thinks it will be a permanent success, and it is now playing to very good business.

Mr. Rice divides his time between New York and Philadelphia, paying great attention to the forthcoming production of *Orpheus aux Enfers*, which he says will cost \$15,000 to put on. The Bijou, according to his opinion, will open in about two weeks. He left last night for Philadelphia.

## Fedora.

Sam Colville said yesterday to a MIRROR reporter: "I am still undecided as to my programme for the season. I am of the opinion that Fedora will run the entire season, and I mean to try if I can arrange matters. At the rate of business we are now doing, such a thing is possible. I never saw anything like it before in my experience. Until this is settled, I shall 'rest on my oars,' content with the present state of affairs."

—In Brooklyn, on Wednesday afternoon of last week, Mrs. M. B. Curtis (Albina de Mer) appeared as Camille. There was a large audience present, and the performance was received with every indication of favor. The local critics pronounced the characterization an original and effective one, and one paper stated that she gave greater satisfaction than any other representative of Camille it had met in judgment upon. The *Fach* said the impression was remarkable for intensity, naturalness and womanliness. Mrs. Curtis will continue to play the part at the matinees.

## At the Treasury.

A MIRROR reporter has interviewed most of the treasurers and box-office keepers of New York for this week's issue, and their remarks will be found below. They are, as a rule, men in their prime, and their business enables them to gather much knowledge regarding the drawing powers of stars and attractions. They are genial and pleasant men, but seek rather the shade of private life than newspaper fame.

C. C. SEAVE, OF NIELD'S GARDEN.

"Since I came to Nield's, over fourteen years ago, this house has been turned down once. I entered on my duties just at the commencement of the annual production of *The Black Crook*. It has always in my experience been more or less a spectacular house, as the huge auditorium and expensive stage makes it very suitable for display. I cannot exactly commiserate the various places which have been staged here, but as far as financial success is concerned, I think *Black Crook* beats them all. I have never been concerned with any other theatre for any length of time. I think Nield's is a house which will always pay well, as, apart from the large East side and general resident population, the largest portion of the audience are strangers in town. You would be surprised if you had any idea of the number of visitors from long distances who come here. It is a style of place which can only be seen in the large cities, and therefore people from all the surrounding towns run down to New York."

J. H. PALMER, OF THE ARMY-IRVING CO.

"I am averse to newspaper society. I do not consider my views of any value. I have been in the business about nine years. I was at the Park Theatre with Mr. Abbey, having been there about eight years as treasurer. The last season I was business manager. On the occasion of the first, just at the beginning of the Langtry engagement, I had been nine years at the one house. I conducted the sale of seats for the present Irving engagement, and am acting as treasurer and business manager for Mr. Abbey, going on the road with the combination when the tour begins."

"During my occupation of the box-office I have made some large sales, but the attractions have mostly been first-class, and therefore deserving of patronage. If the public are well treated, they are generally willing to return by paying liberally."

HOWARD PERRY, OF THE STAR THEATRE.

"I am acting treasurer at this theatre, Mr. Moss being the nominal treasurer. I have only been here since the theatre was re-christened, but for five or six years was treasurer at the Academy of Music under Colonel Mapleson, in fact since he opened his first season there. I am now conducting the regular sales of the Irving engagement, but to all appearances that will be an easy thing, as the seats are going off rapidly in advance."

"I consider the best season Colonel Mapleson's Opera company ever had was the first Gerster season. Of course there was a difference between the then prices and past prices, but still it was undoubtedly the best season. Patti always commands successful sales, but if her seasons are unspectacular it is on account of the large expenses. We did not sell so much to speculators in opera tickets, as the subscription was always large."

JOHN V. DONNELLY, OF THE NEW REJOU.

"I came to the Bijou when Messrs. Miles and Barton entered on the management, and have charge of the box-office in the new house, under their management. I was temporary treasurer of the Fourteenth Street Theatre during Tom Maguire's illness. Previous to that I was treasurer with Robert Griffin Morris' Irish-American, and also with Knolly's Black Crook combination. I have also been a journalist, and published the *Irish Nation*, and also the *Celtic Monthly*. I have always, more or less, since leaving college, been familiar with theatrical affairs. It requires great tact, firmness and considerable industry to manage a box-office properly."

SHELDON BATEMAN, OF THE STANDARD.

"I engaged with Brooks and Dickson as a stenographer about the time of the foundation of their partnership, say four years ago. My knowledge of theatrical affairs has been gained during my service in their office, and at this theatre, where I came as treasurer upon their entering into its management. I suppose I have encountered the usual experience of treasurers since my occupation of the box-office. I can certainly say one thing, that we have done a very large business, and are looking much in advance for the forthcoming piece, *In the Ranks*."

## WALLACK'S THEATRE.

Although Theodore Moss is the nominal treasurer of this theatre, several others are employed to carry on the box-office business separately.

Thomas Barton (in charge) is the son of the veteran doorkeeper, Laurence Barton, whose recollections appeared in a former issue. He has been treasurer with the Wallack management for thirty years, and entered on duty at the old Broome street house. His experience is blended with that of his father. He is assisted by W. E. Gavin, who has been in the present house since it opened.

JOHN F. FARRINGTON, OF DALY'S THEATRE.

"I have been at this house since Augustin Daly opened it. Of course we have had our share of poor business, but since the success of 7-30-3, we have had nothing but prosperity, and the prospect of a brilliant future is evident. This house is well disciplined, and we get an high-class custom as any city theatre. Mr.

Daly has secured other places, which, when made complete, will enable him to give more than a good show."

JAMES T. MANNING, OF THE FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE.

"I am a nephew, not a son, of the veteran Tom Maguire, who is as well known on the Pacific coast, and was born in Cassius City, California, in 1836. I first entered the theatrical profession when about eleven years of age, in the service of my uncle, and have had a rather eventful career. My start was at the old Maguire Opera House, Washington, and San Francisco, and from that house I went successively to the Atlantic, (near the North Star) Opera House (now the Standard), and then to the Sublime Theatre, in the capacity of treasurer and business manager for Thomas Maguire. I left Sublime's to come east to study, with the Allen Opera Company, a treasurer, and then returned to California. I soon came East again as manager for J. H. Bennett, under General Harris, now manager of the new Bijou Opera House. After returning to California with General Bennett, and occupied the position of treasurer at the California Theatre, when Messrs. Harris and Barker assumed the management, in May, 1871, I held that position eighteen months, until the house closed. In May, 1872, I transferred the management of the California Theatre to Messrs. Geo. Williams, John T. Raymond, and J. H. Davidson, and the great Northern Opera House, Hard Knobs. The season was profitable, I wanted my way East, so I went for Charles Thompson, to the Theatre, on behalf of the author, J. K. Thompson, regarding that position seven months. I then joined the World company as treasurer in New York City. My next engagement was with Samuel Colville, as treasurer of the Theatre from Life company, and I still remain in his management as treasurer of the Theatre, since then. At the present time I am looking to a greater business than I have before experienced, and with the prospect of a big hit."

E. S. KING, ASSISTANT TREASURER AT THE NEW YORK.

"Edward Behman is the treasurer of this house, having formerly been at the Standard, Brooklyn. I was at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, under the management of Henry and Fay, and others, and have been about four years in the business. This house is doing very well, and the receipts are very large. I expect *The Strength of Paul* will make a big hit."

## Letters to the Editor.

A REPLY TO MR. MIRROR.

DEAR NEW YORK MIRROR:—Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper in which to say that my romantic drama, entitled *A Midnight Marriage*, by Charles Osborne, of London, is in no way similar to *Moonlight Marriage*, which together with *Hearts of Oak* occupied the attention of the Supreme Court Chambers in New York City on Monday, the 26th.

Yours truly,  
 WILLIAM REDMUND,  
 Commonwealth Hotel, Boston.

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## A HARMONIOUS FEEL.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1881.

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Yours truly,  
 WILLIAM REDMUND,  
 Commonwealth Hotel, Boston.

## A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

DEAR NEW YORK MIRROR:—Will you kindly allow me space in your valuable paper in which to say that my romantic drama, entitled *A Midnight Marriage*, by Charles Osborne, of London, is in no way similar to *Moonlight Marriage*, which together with *Hearts of Oak* occupied the attention of the Supreme Court Chambers in New York City on Monday, the 26th.











## TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

## The Quaker City.

Philadelphia, Oct. 31.—Grand French Opera company opened Monday at the Chestnut Street Opera House in La Polka. One of the most suggestive and successful of the season. The house of M. Lenoir's opera. The same clever plot, with the same excellent method. Her Polka was a pleasant performance. Agate was very attractive as her, but very definitely false. Melrose and Dugan were, as ever, capital.

Monday's Theatre (late Lyceum) responded with McNeill's Opera Company in La Polka. Manager Haverly has lightened up the theatre with and without, and it looks pretty and looking. A large audience was present.

Mrs. Hiss appeared as Lady Teale, in School for Scandal, at the Chestnut. The English actress gives a new conception of the role, and certainly that suggested by the author. The part does not suit the star, who is seen to better advantage in many other roles of her repertoire.

Hartman and Gentry's company opened in Stopped by the Light of the Moon at the Arch. The play is really Forbidden Fruit in a new guise. Two husbands, Felix Cradle and Oswald Dangle, lodge in a lush and funny complexioned scene. As Cradle and Dangle, Hartman and Gentry give an amusing performance, and although a budget of nonsense, the farcical comedy, as the production is termed, is funny. The company is very fair. Emma Schatz as Sara and Josie Bacheider as Mrs. Cradle pleased, while as Garnisher McIntyre Ed. Marks was decidedly clever.

Made Peacock opened for a week at the National in Belmont's Bide, J. K. Tillson's play. The play tells a good story, and contains many characteristic features. Miss Peacock gives a forcible impersonation of the heroine, and the company offers good support. As Belmont Elton Plympton acts well, and William Davidge, Jr., and Maggie Harold make all possible out of the minor roles of Caesar and Rose.

William J. Scanlan, the Irish comedian, is at the Walnut playing Friend and Foe. The place draws well.

## Openings in Portogalia.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

CINCINNATI, Oct. 31.—A heavy rain-storm on Sunday, seriously interfered with the attendance at all of the theatres, the downtown theatres, however, suffering more largely than the suburban resorts. Hayden and Phillips' Impetuous troupe, at Havin's, is giving rather a novel and somewhat exciting performance, though the female dance introduced is about as silly as possible. The dancers were successfully gazed on the opening night.

McCullough, at the Grand, and Power of Money at Robinson's, opened Monday night to fair business, despite the rain. Made Granger, at the Queen City Theatre, managed to draw a \$200 house Sunday night, presenting Her Second Love. Harry Miner's Comedy Four combination, on Saturday evening, filled Heck's very comfortably.

John Coker, who represents Brooks and Dick, and in the management of the Opera House at Fort Wayne, Ind., is in the city on a brief visit. B. C. Leighton, until last week connected with the Barlow and Wilson Minstrels as leading soprano, has left the party and goes to New York to join the San Francisco Minstrels.

## A Variety Theatre Collapses.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

Pittsburgh, Oct. 31.—Jannachuk opened a week's engagement at the Opera House, 39th, to a very good Monday night audience. Monday's Tourists opened at Liberty Hall to a packed house. Levy did not arrive in time to take part in the performance, and his "coll" was silent. He appeared last evening. The Howard Atherton combination opened to a large house at the Academy.

The Standard Theatre has been finally closed by the sheriff. The managers, Henderson and Farnsworth, cannot be found, and it is supposed they have left the city. There are a number of very clamorous creditors. Their debts will probably reach \$2,000, and the only available assets are the household and not over a hundred dollar's worth of scenery.

Milton Hays left the city Monday for Uniontown, Pa., where he will assume a character in The Drummer Boy of Gettysburg.

## Quick Transformation.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

New Orleans, Oct. 31.—The electro-transformation in Emeralds, was done at last Saturday's matinee at the Academy in 19 1/2 seconds, beating the best record.

Louise Sylvester, in A Mountain Pink, at the St. Charles, and C. B. Bishop at the Academy, opened on Sunday night to large houses. But business there has been only fair.

## Miscellaneous.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.)

BUFFALO, Oct. 31.—The horrible weather of Monday night was a damper on all amusements. Our Summer Dancers, at Wible's, had a rather light house, and Miss Elster's display at the Academy of Music, fared no better. The Adolph's audience was very poor. Geo. H. Adams' Pantomime at the Grand was better for all concerned. The third disappointment

of the week at Wible's again. The Ten Mile Crossing company, which was to appear the latter part of this week, has collapsed.

AGONY, Oct. 31.—Admission's Jellies, in The Electric Spout, opened at the Grand Monday evening to a small house. Last night brought little improvement. Company not as good as original Jellies in Electric Spout. Baker and Farrow were announced for latter part of present week but do not come, and house will be small.

CHICAGO, Oct. 31.—Lillian Spence is dancing well at Hookey's, and the audience seems to be pleased with his impersonation of his father. The Ralph drew a very large crowd Monday night at the Grand Opera House. J. H. Stoddard gives a very pleasing performance in The Ransom at Haverly's. Barry and Fay are filling the Academy. Deanna Thompson is having light business in his second week at McVicker's.

ITHACA, N. Y., Oct. 31.—William Stoddard played last night to the largest house of the season. Gave great satisfaction.

H. L. WILSON,  
Proprietor Opera House.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 31.—Lawrence Barrett appeared as Lancelotti, in Francesca da Rimini, at the Providence Monday night, to a good house, in the face of rain. The play gave great satisfaction, and deserved the generous applause bestowed. Mr. Barrett was recalled at the end of each act. The company remain a week, and will doubtless do good business.

MONTREAL, Oct. 31.—Mrs. Langtry played here last night to a crowded house. Performance well received.

CHARLES A. MENDON.

## Mr. Clayburgh's Grievance.

E. B. Clayburgh, manager of Lillian Spencer writes a long letter to THE MIRROR about his star's illness and the assumption of her role by an understudy. Miss Spencer's success in the South has been chronicled by THE MIRROR correspondents, and we have not the space to devote to further details. Our correspondents have dealt very fairly with Miss Spencer, and her manager should be content. Mr. Clayburgh says that when Miss Spencer was unable to appear, he always announced the fact to the audience; but our Huntsville (Ala.) correspondent, who is also the local manager, writes that he insisted on Mr. Clayburgh making the announcement. During the past fortnight we have received a number of telegrams regarding Miss Spencer's health, and a number of them were published. Really, we have devoted more space to the matter than it deserved. If Miss Spencer is with the company, her audiences will be treated to a very good performance of Article 47. If she is not with the company, her manager can keep on doing as he did in Huntsville and as he says he has done in all other towns.

THE MIRROR refuses to burden its columns with a controversy in which so few of its readers can have an interest; and at the same time we must decline Mr. Clayburgh's offer to buy one hundred and fifty copies of the paper containing a retraction which would set down its correspondents as "cowardly liars," vide his letter.

## WALLACE'S THEATRE.

Broadway and 34th St.

Sole Proprietor and Manager, LESTER WALLACE.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION  
AND  
INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS.

The powerful drama entitled  
MOTHS,  
adapted by Mr. H. Hamilton from  
QUIDA'S GREAT NOVEL,  
after the most elaborate and careful preparation.

Has been now open

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

4th St. and Broadway.

Manager, FRANKMAN.

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## NEW YORK THEATRE.

Broadway and 34th Street.

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8 o'clock

## "ARIEL."

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